

# Roadmap Fronttoer Passchendaele Vr 22 Sep 17

- 0930 : RV aan Museum Hooge Crater (**GPS: Meenseweg 467 8902 Zillebeke**) – Opgelet : enkel parking in de aangeduide vakken aan de zijde van het museum – drukke baan !!
- 1045 : Verplaatsing naar Polygoonbos via Nonnebossen (**GPS : Lange Dreve 1 Zonnebeke**) – RV om 1100 Hr op de zeer grote openbare parking naast huis Lange dreve 1.
- 1145 : Verplaatsing naar Zonnebeke – RV om 1200 Hr op Parking 2 van het Memorial Museum Passchendaele 1917 (**GPS : Berten Pilstraat 16 Zonnebeke**)
- 1430 : Verplaatsing naar Tyne Cot Cemetary – RV om 1500 Hr op de parking van het kerkhof – Via rond punt in centrum van Zonnebeke (aan kerk) richtingaanduidingen Tyne Cot volgen (**GPS : Tynecotstraat 18 Zonnebeke** (volg daar de richtingaanwijzingen voor de parking voertuigen))
- 1600 : Verplaatsing naar Passendale Canadian Memorial – RV om 1615 Hr aan het informatiebord tegenover huis met Nr 35 (**GPS : Canadalaan 35 Zonnebeke**)
- 1645 : Verplaatsing naar markt van Passendale (slechts 500m en zichtbaar vanop laatste locatie)



## The green fields of France.

Oh how do you do, young Willie McBride?  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside  
and rest for a while in the warm summer sun?  
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done.  
And I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen  
when you joined the Great fallen in Nineteen-Sixteen.  
Well I hoped you died quick, and I hope you died clean  
Or Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

Did they beat the drums slowly,  
Did they play the fife lowly,  
Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down?  
Did the band play the last post and chorus,  
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest?

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?  
In some loyal heart, is your memory enshrined?  
And though you died back in Nineteen-Sixteen  
To that loyal heart you're forever nineteen  
Or are you a stranger without even a name  
Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane,  
In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained,  
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame

Did they beat ...

The sun's shining down on these green fields of France,  
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance.  
The trenches have vanished long under the plow,  
No gas, no barbed wire; no guns firing now!  
But here in this graveyard, that's still no man's land,  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand,  
To a man's blind indifference to his fellow man,  
And a whole generation were butchered and damned

Did they beat ...

And I can't help but wonder now Willie McBride,  
Do all those that lie here know why they died,  
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause,  
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?  
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame,  
The killing and dying it was all done in vain.  
Oh Willie McBride, it all happened again,  
And again and again and again and again!

Did they beat ...



General Douglas HAIG, British Expeditionary Force (BEF) Commander



General Sir Hubert GOUGH, Commander of the 5<sup>th</sup> Army



General Herbert PLUMER, Commander of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Army



General Arthur CURRIE, Commander of the Canadian Corps



CAPT. H. J. COX  
12<sup>TH</sup> R. F.  
KILLED - JULY 1917

Capt Henry Jack Cox



LtCol Humphrey Scott



Will R. Bird collection, PA-40139  
Passchendaele, now a field of mud. November, 1917. (The Battle of Ypres)